

Temptation by CrownedKingLewis

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Genre: Angst, M/M, Swearing, Underage Drinking, a lot of feelings, billy getting SUPPORT, i guess, support he should get in s3 btw, um

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Summary:

He's digging his fingers into Billy's palm to pull the cup away from him; like he's scared it may actually hurt him. "Please, stop."

Temptation

Author's Note:

Have you ever tried to write something really quickly because you felt like your muse might just disappear the next day but end up writing something that might've gotten a better ending if you've just been patient? Yeah, me neither. I don't know why you were thinking that's exactly what happened to me lmao

Here's a Harringrove version of S2's second chapter: *Trick or Treat, Freak*. Responding to the Tumblr [post](#) created by [milleniumhan](#): "Stranger Things Season 1 except Nancy is actually Billy Hargrove." Because honestly, yes, please and thank you.

Title is New Order's *Temptation*.

The edges of his vision are blurry and distorted, like a picture that was taken with a camera that took too long to focus the lens. His eyes feel like they're pushing back into their sockets, trying to escape the distant bright lights that do little to illuminate the dim lit room. It's starting to carve a headache so deep below his scalp that it prickles his temples like needles. It gets worse and worse each time someone enthusiastically turns the volume of the music louder, muting all conversations that can only be continued with yelling.

Another drink would drown it all away. His tongue was already numb and heavy in his mouth, his lips dry and tingling with alcohol. It was only a matter of time until the rest of his body felt the same.

The trembling of the bass is heavy, making the cutlery and empty glass bottles rattle over the kitchen counter. He thinks he may actually see the so called "pure fuel" palpitating to the rhythm before a warm hand circles his wrist tightly, keeping him from dipping his

plastic cup into the liquid.

“No,” A voice speaks to him, gentle and soothing. But he curls into himself when he hears it; he doesn’t fucking deserve it. “Billy, you need to stop.”

“Fuck off, Harrington.” He knows he slurs his words for too long, lingers on each syllable in a way that indicates he *does* need to stop. The heaviness of a broken promise lingers in the air around them; Steve’s betrayed and resigned eyes no doubt searching for his own to show his disappointment. Billy can’t concentrate enough to actually find it in the haziness of his intoxication however, finds he can only let Steve manhandle him and use Billy’s lack of coordination to his advantage. “Don’t you know how to fuckin’ party?”

A small bubble of irritation forms within Billy, forged by the old persona that tries to hide in him whenever he’s around Steve. Sometimes he thinks deep down he’ll always be that angry kid who beats people up to a pulp, who cowers in fear when his father raises his hand, who is unable to have any sort of healthy fucking relationship with anyone.

His face hurts a little, the furrow of his eyebrows tight. Billy feels his lips curl into a snarl when he speaks, trying to escape Steve’s grasp. “Seriously, get off—“

“You promised you wouldn’t do this.”

Billy feels his chest tighten a bit and he staggers to find his balance. Steve’s hand goes rigid around his wrist, his other hand reaching to fist Billy’s leather jacket, specifically the area over his shoulder. He jerks Billy a little, as if trying to shake him away from his stupor. “You promised this wouldn’t happen tonight. You said—you said just a few drinks would be enough.”

Even as Billy realizes what he’s just done, Steve only gives him a tender look, his sunny eyes softening when he’s able to *find* Billy behind the cloudiness of his drunk gaze.

Steve’s grip burns against his skin, the sensitive flesh there pink and a bit red where Steve is pressing his fingertips against his veins. Billy

feels Steve's nails scratch his skin a bit when he tries to pull away, the touch electric and distracting. "You've had enough." Billy knows this, but he continues to struggle. "Billy, c'mon, let me drive you home."

"Get the fuck off me." He says a bit louder, pulling away from Steve's grasp in a brisk move. A few curious eyes start to burn on their backs, everyone's movements less lively as they dance and watch.

His heartbeat sounds unsteady in his ears. Billy's chest heaves once, twice, before he realizes what's about to happen. He tries to conceal it with a scowl, one that feels forced.

Steve's whole demeanor changes. It was so brief anyone could have missed it, but Billy knows him too well, has touched and kissed him *too many times* not to know. Steve's shoulders are tense, his back straighter so that he's standing tall over Billy, eyes looming a bit over Billy's nose. And when he looks down at him, it isn't as gentle and loving, doesn't carry that underlying secrecy of forbidden love and furtive, suggestive glances in the school halls. Instead, it's a tired look, cold and unforgiving, the one he used to wear back when they teased and bruised each other.

It scares Billy. He knows he fucked up, *again*. He wants to drown it away so bad; wants to feel the buzz of alcohol turn his mind into a pool of goo and incoherent thoughts that don't let him concentrate long enough to remember this moment.

Holding the cup with determination, he tries to pour himself a drink again, but the same event repeats itself even when he is successful. Steve's hand is there again, like warm water on cold skin.

"I'm serious, Hargrove." Billy doesn't look up at him—can't do it; Steve's voice is shaking ever so slightly. "You need to fucking quit it."

There's a brief moment where Billy notices that everyone has turned to look at them and just *knows* they're expecting a fight. The music is too loud for them to possibly hear their conversation. He thinks it must look like they're ready to jump at each other's throats, like they used to in the "*good ol' days*". They act like friends at school, and act like lovers when alone. They reduce their interactions to brief

exchanges and friendly slaps on the shoulders on public, and share soft touches to the skin and lingering kisses in private. No kid in school knows shit about them; they would never be able to dictate what Billy and Steve are and are not.

Billy wouldn't do that to Steve anymore, wouldn't dare to lay a finger on him ever again.

It's why it hurts to see Steve approach him with more hesitance, like he's trying to feed a wild dog with his hand. He knows the flicker of danger in Billy's eyes when he sees it, knows exactly when he has to step back. But Billy shouldn't have given him a reason to think he had to be afraid.

He's digging his fingers into Billy's palm to pull the cup away from him; like he's scared it may actually hurt him. "Please, stop."

Billy stumbles a bit, further away from him. He pulls again, defiantly, like a fucking *child*. He only gets the chance to tell Steve to stop before his hand jerks suddenly towards him and Steve loses the battle, the drink painting a red splatter on his white shirt. It soaks through the material and sticks to his skin, cold and uncomfortable, dripping down his chest and even lower to his belly button.

There's a muffled silence from the audience that is only replaced with The Rolling Stones singing *Get Off Of My Cloud*. The chorus goes on and on as the song comes to an end, the words ringing loudly in Steve's ears.

Steve watches, horrified, as Billy tilts his chin up and stares at him through his thick eyelashes, watery eyes searching for something Steve can't quite offer.

No other sounds around him register in Steve's mind, his brain muting their surroundings until it feels like it's only Billy and Steve in the room, heat radiating off both of them. Billy's eyes are as hard as a porcelain doll, cold and fixed. It was a look that conveyed animosity and the bubbling intention to hurt and be hurt. The wrinkles of his face deepen in an ugly manner until it hurts to look at him, because Steve can only interpret it as hatred.

Something shifts in Billy's eyes, a look of panic, Steve thinks, before he just *drops* the fucking cup and stalks away from him, his step clumsy and uncoordinated. Steve watches him push an acne ridden kid roughly out of his way, disappearing into the mass of horny teenagers and making a beeline towards the bathroom. *Blue Monday* starts playing now, coaxing everyone to continue their dancing when they are disappointed by the lack of physical exchange between the two Kings.

Steve's knuckles are white from clenching his fists too hard, his jaw tight and hurting from pressing his teeth together in an effort to suppress his own anger. His tense shoulders exude so much irritation people had actually stepped away from him, leaving an empty space around him, expecting him to burst into a million pieces any minute. He can almost feel steam coming from his red cheeks and ears, the fat vein of his neck pulsating.

"Hey, wait a minute," Some obnoxious dude says loudly. "You two are dressed alike."

"Shut up!" Steve shouts in no particular direction, neck reddening with embarrassment. He slips into the crown to follow Billy into the bathroom, feeling like he may just rip off his hair anticipating what just might be the biggest argument they've had in weeks.

He's just drunk, he tries to tell himself, he doesn't mean it.

And it all fades like a distant memory when he finds Billy gasping over the bathroom sink, his face wet, drops of water falling off his chin. His eyes are wide and wild this time, terrified of something Steve can't figure out. Steve stays frozen with his hand on the doorknob until New Order starts singing the first verse. Only then he notices how loud the music actually is.

"Babe," Steve closes and locks the door behind him, every sound coming from the party muffled beyond its wooden surface. He takes a hesitant step forward when Billy fumbles with the small wet towel he already had in hand, trying to rub off the stain on his shirt. It's an impossible task that would never give a pleasing result, and Steve watches Billy with an inquisitive gaze. "You need to—"

“Stop?” Billy interrupts suddenly, raising both eyebrows in question. He leans against the sink, probably trying to hold his own weight on it. “You invited me, princess. You wanted me to be here.”

“Yeah, but—” Steve bristles, his anger returning. “We talked about this, Billy! You can’t just use that as a goddamned argument. You gave me your word, you told me you weren’t going to get out of control.”

“Yeah, well,” Billy turns to look at himself in the mirror, his reflection alien to him. His shit of a vision is making it harder for him to tell what he’s looking at. He thinks he’s staring back at a young man that looks too old to be a teenager, with dark circles under his eyes from his messed up eyeliner and his hair a ruffled mess. Tears are threatening to fall from the brim of his eyes and Billy drops his head between his shoulders, feeling dizzy. “I fuckin’ lied. There, are you happy? Like hearing me admit the truth, huh, Harrington?”

The look of disgust on Steve’s face as he antagonizes him brings something out from within him, and old fire that always burns. Billy leans closer, watching Steve stumble back. “Want me to kneel and beg for your forgiveness too while I’m at it?”

Suddenly, Steve is all up in his face, pushing him back with the flat of his palms. Billy’s eyes widen with surprise, feeling a bit out of his element as Steve begins to bark on his face. “You don’t get to do this, Billy. I’m not your fucking toy. You can’t just be fine with me one moment and then be angry the next. I’m sick of your—of you doing this to yourself! We worked so hard to get here and you just... you just act like a fucking asshole.”

Billy’s whole facial expression drops into something sad and heartbroken, but Steve doesn’t stop there. “You need to talk to me about what’s going on with you. Because I—I don’t know! I don’t know what’s wrong, Billy. Sometimes you’re just so freaking detached and—it’s scary. I don’t know what to do, you need to *tell me* what to do.”

Steve waits for an answer, patiently, with all the love and care he’s put into building this relationship. What he receives in return is silence, one that begins to be filled with Billy’s heavy breathing.

Startled, Steve watches Billy lean against the sink again, as if his weight were too heavy to carry. He's taking in sharp breaths that quickly lose a rhythm and it takes Steve only seconds (from experience) to realize what's going on.

"Shit," Steve mumbles, heart filling with regret. He hurries to grip Billy's slumped shoulders, trying to be as gentle as possible. "Baby, I'm sorry. I'm so fucking sorry." The blonde barely seems to focus on his face, keeps gasping for air and choking on his own saliva. "Baby, listen to me, you need to breathe, okay?"

Fat, warm tears roll down Billy's cheeks, ones Steve realizes he'd been holding back this whole time, and suddenly he's crying like he's never done in front of Steve, sobbing so loudly it rasps against his throat each time. His chin trembles like a child, his breathing heavy and uneven. He staggers forward, forehead resting on top of Steve's shoulder. The bawling in Steve's ear is loud and the smell of alcohol is bold under his nose while he struggles to hold Billy's massive weight. Quickly, he opts to guide Billy to sit on the floor, making sure that he presses his back against the ugly wallpaper of the bathroom.

Billy is sprawled on the cold tiles like a dead man, arms heavy on his sides, his face red and wet. He cries pathetically like any other drunk remembering their ex, but this is more personal than that.

Steve holds Billy's face in both hands, prompting him to focus on his eyes instead. Billy coughs when he inhales too sharply, blinks rapidly as he looks at him. Steve's hands are damp from Billy's tears after he tries to rub them away from his cheeks, barely doing a good job of it.

"What's—"

"I don't deserve you, Steve," Billy speaks, his voice so hoarse it's barely recognizable. Steve's chest tightens, his hands going still. "You're too fuckin' good for me."

Steve frowns, shaking his head. "What the hell are you talking about?"

But Billy doesn't respond, his breathing becoming more rapid and shallow. His reddened eyes dart away, causing Steve to panic.

“No, look at me,” He begs, tilting his face to find Billy’s gaze again. Billy doesn’t give in. “Please, I don’t care about what you said. It wasn’t you—”

“Wasn’t it?” Billy suddenly snaps his head towards him and Steve pulls his hands away, feeling extremely confused. “You don’t—you don’t get it, Steve. It’s never me, it never fuckin’ is.”

Steve pauses, eyebrows furrowing. He’s starting to feel desperate for answers. “I don’t know what any of that means, Billy.”

“It’s—” Billy laughs suddenly, almost hysterical. His head lolls against the wall as he does so. “It’s bullshit. Pretending everythin’ s’okay... pretending I’m okay, pretending—” Every word that’s coming out of his mouth forms faster than his own thoughts; his mind feels like a jumbled mess. Steve is staring at him with a mixture of confusion and concern, trying to solve a mystery with little to no clues. “It’s bullshit.”

Steve leans forward a bit, talking quietly as if Billy were a child. “Pretending you’re okay?” Silence stretches between them. “Why would you pretend?”

“We’re not gonna last together.”

Steve’s eyes widen, pure dread twisting his features. His voice trembles, too. “Hargrove, I swear to god, if you’re breaking up with me—“

“I’m not—“

“Then what the fuck—“

“My pops will find out,” Billy heaves, trying to sit upright. Anger warms his chest at the thought. “About us. And he’ll— Then he’ll hurt me and then you. He does it all the time, Steve. He hurts people, he hurt mama—”

“What?”

“And I’m like *him*. Do you get it now?” He watches a look of horror mold the entirety of Steve’s face. “I’m a sick piece of shit and you

know it, everyone does. I'll— Fuck, I'll hurt you.”

Billy's voice breaks at the last word and he leans forward to press his face against his hands, his whole body shaking with cracked sobs. “God, I already fuckin' have.”

Steve's hands shake uncontrollably when he wraps them around Billy's elbows, pulling him closer. “No, no—Jesus, Billy, you're not like him. He's—” *He's what?* Steve asks himself. He didn't actually know Neil Hargrove, hadn't suspected a thing even when Billy had actively avoided having Steve anywhere near him. From afar, Steve had seen that Neil was built short and stocky. He was rarely seen with a smile, seemed like the type of parent to be strict and demanding. Steve had only gotten to ask once before Billy changed the subject, tired of talking of his shithead of a father. *It's turning me off*, Billy had said, and Steve threw his head back and laughed, brushing it off like they've been talking about their favorite colors.

He should have insisted. “He's a scum of the earth, a fucking coward. You're nothing like him.”

Billy goes stiff but then he melts into Steve's body when the other wraps him in a warm embrace, limbs limp, sprawled like a ragdoll. Steve's left hand rises and begins to stroke Billy's back, his neck, the top of his head, and then Billy begins to cry softly, wetting Steve's leather jacket. It's quieter now, less sorrowful. Steve wonders if he's tired of crying or just really, *really* drunk.

“You're staying with me,” Steve states firmly, voice laced with bitterness. “Then we call Hopper, I don't know. I don't care for how long you stay. You're not going back to him.”

Billy struggles to get out of his arms, looking a bit disoriented. “What 'bout your parents?”

Steve scoffs. “They can kiss my ass.” He works to stand up, knees pressing onto the tiles. “They're never home, anyways. If they come around I'll... think of something, whatever.”

A small part of him knows this will go differently the next day. Once Billy is sobered up again he'll put up a fight, twist and shout, tell

Steve to mind his own fucking business. He'll regret what he confessed, but Steve won't let it stop him from getting Neil Hargrove's ass sent to jail.

"We better go, anyways." He tries to go for something that might brighten the mood. "I'm pretty sure people were already figuring out we look alike."

Billy perks up. "Yeah?" He slurs, eyelids getting heavier.

Steve offers a small, sad smile. The amount of guilt he feels is unfathomable. "Damn right, Kenickie. Ready to catch a ride on Grease Lightenin'?"

There's a lazy grin that spreads on Billy's face. "Sure thing, Danny," While Steve slips an arm under his armpit, ready to pull him up, Billy mumbles. "Fucking nerd..."

"You love me." Steve replies automatically, doesn't really expect an answer. But he gets one, either way. It hurts thinking that Billy may not remember any of this tomorrow.

"You're fuckin' right about that."

Author's Note:

shamelessly whores out tumblr blog
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